Cannibalism After Sex

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Cannibalism After Sex

by urpsychokillerr

Summary

Hannibal Lecter, a simple psychiatrist who dabbles on the side of murder, and cannibalism. But now he has taken on stalking — specifically to a man who possesses the name Will Graham. This is the story of how their twisted relationship and partnership unfolds.

Notes

The title is based off of cigarettes after sex because, I was stoned.
take place during late November 2012.
Will Graham is 28
Hannibal Lecter is 39
Hannibal is a cannibal, but there is no the chesapeake ripper cause i’m lazy :p

Toxic

Chapter Notes

and im addicted to you
don’t you know that your toxic?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I wish I had never fucking met you." Hannibal grabbed his soft and abused ass, Will snarled angrily when Hannibal forced his hand right into his trousers. His body quivered as Hannibal placed a messy, wet kiss on the lower part of his neck, but not because of the sensation but rather due to the fresh, lifeless corpse that was recently laid out in front of them. Will's voice abruptly broke into an exceedingly loud, tortured sob when Hannibal hungrily shoved the tip of his finger deep inside his used, swollen hole and started to bite firmly where his lips were positioned.

After removing his mouth from Will's now bloody, broken skin, Hannibal laughed back, "Don't pretend like you have no belief that he didn't have it coming." Immediately followed by him delicately licking blood away from Will's neck's core. The terror in the man's gaze screamed to Hannibal, who remained until his face was near the terrified adult male in front of him. This prompted Hannibal to smirk devilishly.

“And don't act as if this is something new for us.”

Hannibal was able to observe him perfectly outside his window while hiding his existence, covering himself behind the thick area of trees to still maintain watch. The blinds, which had been open to a certain extent, felt like they were tempting him simply to observe.

He did just that — observe, for the time being. It was the long game; Hannibal had to display himself as a dependable person; it took patience and precision in every aspect. He showed himself to be considered a charismatic, dependable individual by establishing connections with everybody belonging to the male's association.

Hannibal is able to identify the names of quite a few of the people Will cherishes and is capable of reciting their profiles in complete detail as if they were well-known human beings. His focus was likely to wander towards Alan Bloom, Jack Crawford, or Beverly Katz, yet those thoughts would cease relatively quickly afterwards. Will Graham, the individual whom he was viewing, became the ruler of the thoughts in his head.

He became initially interested upon Alana Bloom giving him a picture. It consisted of an apparent disturbed Will backed up against the gloomy side of an establishment, his eyes growing in fear. He was grasping on to the last breaths of air, as it was possible to see. A

larger, older man hovered over him, with both of his hands firmly grasping Will's throat, prohibiting him from inhaling the fresh air.

The curiosity that was stirring in his gut turned into a feeling of envy towards the older guy, who wished his hands were on Will's throat, controlling when he could and could not breathe. Hannibal had to resist his desire to lick his lips at the thought of hunting down Will until he was able to sink his teeth into him, simply because Will's panic made him look so appetizing. He desired to know everything due to the fact that he wished to devour the obvious younger male in the photograph.

Will Graham, a 28-year-old male who lives in Wolf Trap, Virginia, possesses six dogs, all of whom he has personally acquired. He is a "special agent," utilized by Jack Crawford to help with investigations and search for murderers. He belongs to the FBI and teaches a forensics course for them. As indicated by Alana, Crawford regularly takes advantage of what he does by praising Will in a quiet monotone when he has been doing or has accomplished something exceptional.

But that wasn't what was going on. He had been hiding a secret and pretending unjustly. The truth was made clear to Hannibal on a particular night while he followed Will Graham. He was fascinated to see what he discovered. The younger guy wore black eyeliner; his hair was shaggy, and his body was covered up in a long, hanging coat, as if he were hiding something. Will continued on while Hannibal's feet became unable to move, watching him disappear into a building with a vibrant pink neon sign flashing a diamond inside someone's juicy lips.

The diamond.

When Hannibal eventually found himself entering the venue and witnessed men and women dancing for tips on the stage and circling about with dollar bills stuffed between their panties and bras, it quickly became obvious that it was a strip club. He spotted Will straight away, and while he carefully discovered the now unmistakably young boy grinding himself on an older guy, he felt rage rising inside of him. The man's face grew a fiery color from his own frustration as he pushed his hard dick onto Will. The small one snatches the stack of cash next to the man and walks into the employer's area.

Hannibal shook his head in disgust and hurried out immediately after Will disappeared. Will Graham the Slut. Even as he drives himself into his clenched fist and pretends it was Will's already-used hole, those words continue to echo in his subconscious. As he watched Will leave his prison, he continued to murmur under his breath, "Fucking slut," a phrase he continued when he saw the worn-out young man getting dragged into the shadowy alleyway. Considering that he was strangling Will in that photograph, it had to have been the man to whom he had performed a lap dance, so Hannibal remembered his face.

The screaming could be heard even from Hannibal's parked vehicle across the street, yet he continued fucking his fist. He finally started cumming as a result of a second loud shout from Will. Cleaning both hands on a handkerchief he had lying on his passenger side, Hannibal grabbed up a set of plastic gloves and a tiny hammer. He glanced around once more before he climbed out of his car and walked up to the spot from which he was aware of gagging sounds. Will was on his knees with a mouthful of cock, and the man's two hands were holding his head in position. Hannibal noticed these things.

He suddenly swung, repeatedly hitting the man's head, continuing to swing even after the man's body stopped moving and blood began to flow from beneath him. Only when Will rushed at him and sunk his claws deeply into Hannibal's wrist did he stop his arm in midair. "Please stop!" Hannibal melted at the sight of a more broken Will as he wailed out. He was in pain; his voice was raspy, and his breath caught at the sight of the dead man. "What should we do?" he asked as he turned towards Hannibal, and his wide eyes spoke for him.

He was smiling and cocking his head, wondering exactly how far Will would go. His body froze at the sight of Hannibal, and he continued to stare at the street and consider whether it was too much. "Tsk, asking a total stranger to solve your problem for you." Hannibal humiliates him, not because he was genuinely angry; rather, he felt his dick becoming hard as he saw Will ask for guidance. Nevertheless, he couldn't resist playing with him for a while. "What will you do for me, exactly?" Will fought against his urge to look around in nervousness while trying to maintain his composure, as if he were genuinely betting out various options.

"I'm not sure." Will eventually manages to breathe again, his eyes violently trembling as he does so. His eyes were leaking more tears, and he moved his body close to Hannibal almost out of comfort. While Will made every effort to avoid looking at the dead body, he couldn't help but feel his heart thumping rapidly. While assuring his traumatized self that he had saved him and had done this specifically for him, the older man seemed to understand him, almost melting at the concept. Will would need to be grateful for that. "Please, sir, I'll follow your instructions! Just...please."

It was almost like Christmas; Will's pleading for Hannibal's assistance was a lovely, wrapped present just ready to be torn apart. He thinks that it will be too obvious to transfer the bodies from where they were to his car after taking a look at them on the ground. "Please don't leave; I'll get in my car and park closer." He waits until Will gives him a little nod and murmurs, "Good boy," before slyly making his way back to his car. The young man who had been shaken up had left, leaving the body there for Hannibal to load into his car by himself, and it wasn't until he had parked the car closer to the alleyway that Hannibal noticed this.

As he eventually managed to load the body into his car and make his way home, Hannibal couldn't help but laugh out loud, while he additionally gave some thought as to how he ultimately ended up in this predicament. Frustrated that Will fled when he literally had the man in the palm of his hands, Hannibal increased his grip on the steering wheel. He was unable to avoid thinking about Will after spending the entire night dissecting and packaging every organ he intended to utilize. Hannibal couldn't help but want to be the only one who could taste Will, and a sensation of his own toxicity was creeping up behind him.

Will finally looked up from the kitchen sink that was precisely positioned in front of the window, closing the blinds. "Just you wait, Bambi," Hannibal said in a hushed tone to himself.
"You will belong to me."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if the wording isn’t the best; it’s currently 2am and i’m so tiredd

Love Abuser (Save Me)

Chapter Summary

trigger warning forced intentions / attempted r@pe

Chapter Notes

Cuz we're both fucked up
But I need you tonight

Will was taken aback by the unusual gift that had been placed on his front porch and was reluctant to touch it. Noticing that his dogs were unwilling to leave his house, he scooped up the sealed box and assured them that the item wasn't going to harm them. Will strolled inside once again and, after letting them wonder off to the bathroom, placed the item on the dining table while pondering. He was surely a fool if he tried opening it, but an even larger fool if he left it untouched.

He noticed the small circular gift box was beautifully decorated in crimson and black and was even graced with a sweet white ribbon, suggesting that it had been deliberately left there on purpose for him. Will eventually gathered the strength to reach for the delicate bow and gently unravel the knot after what appeared to be a lifetime. He instantly became conscious of the fact that his hands were trembling. Removing the box's cover and taking it off like a dirty bandage from someone's skin.

Snatching the package, he looked inside it with a shudder of disbelief, shaking his head as he saw a note underneath it. It was a set of two pieces created from black, silky cloth that Will knew was going to feel unpleasant and itchy against his skin. He reluctantly reached out and took the note in his hands, unfolding it to read the elegant, cursive writing. *This will be taken off of you tonight.*

Elise Nichols, a teenage student, was the most recent victim of Garret Jacob Hobbs' alleged involvement in the continuous killings of young girls. Will wasn't eager to investigate the case when Jack initially introduced him to it, but Jack made an offer to pay him extra to "borrow an aspect of his brain," and Will just couldn't turn down the extra money.

The eight victims all shared the same age, eye color, and hair color despite coming from different areas of Minnesota. Will had the ability to empathize even after discovering that he had compromised his identity by placing Elise Nichols' corpse back in her room. It was his twisted form of remorse, and he realized this when the FBI figured out that she had liver

cancer. This was the reason why the killer had put her back—Will understood the beauty in it despite its sickness.

There wasn’t much difficulty identifying the killer since he noticed that pieces of metal were frequently discovered at the scene of crimes, so establishing the identity of the murder had allowed Will to figure out that the killer was working on a construction site. He didn't take long to find himself staring at Garret Jacob Hobbs' resignation letter, which excluded his address.

He took the piece of paper with him and ran away, but he was reluctant to gather enough courage to take any further action. He found himself driving faster compared to the posted limit and turned up right up in front of Jack's door. Even now, he continues to have a part of him that wishes he hadn't. Will would've rather left everything alone, having himself reminded of why he failed to meet the requirements to become an official FBI member. Yet he understood why there was that persistent feeling in his chest, begging for help moving forward and clinging to the hope that perhaps someday he wouldn't need to pimp himself out.

Although that was not going to be the case when Jack abruptly shushed him, sat him down in his study, and explained to Will how the family would be in danger if they all charged, Will tilted his head to the side and squinted his eyes at the grave-faced Jack, recognizing what he was attempting to indicate Will would do. "Jack, you can't possibly be serious." To prevent his wife from barging in out of worry, Will whispered back to him while maintaining his calmness.

Yet when he observed Jack huffing loudly, he realized that his fate had already been decided. He begins, "Will, if you do this for me, I promise..." but quickly pauses as his body approaches Will and brings his lips near his ear, almost sparing him the thought of someone hearing them.

"You won't ever have to worry about money again."

So, if you're wondering why Will was wearing a matching bra and pant set under his usual tucked-in pink button-up and black pants, that's the answer. Because of Jack, because of money, and because he doesn't want her to get killed. Soon after their second encounter, Hobbs' daughter Abigail was made known. Hobbs sobbed to Will, telling him she was his entire world and that he wanted to keep her with him *until the perfect time.* Finding out that Hobbs intended to kill his own daughter was the very last thing Will needed to convince him to continue with their forbidden relationship. Selfishly, it gave him some comfort to know that Will won't become a meal, even if they keep running into each other.

Although there had not yet been any sexual activity, he was aware of how it usually works because he had had previous encounters with it. Obtaining the intimate garments was what persuaded him that something other than kissing and cumming in the pants would take place. In their private meetings, Jack had been encouraging Abigail that she and her mother needed to start formulating an escape strategy. As he entered their motel room, that thought was running through Will's head: that it would all soon be over. Will won't have to worry about money when Hobbs is apprehended and Abigail is saved.

A chill suddenly come over him, as if someone was watching him, but he didn't have time to shake it off like he wanted to because Hobbs was waiting for him, dropping his whole head to fiercely press his mouth on Will's. Soon after Hobbs rushed his hands over Will's chest and squeezed his pecs, a startled groan that had been in his mouth had to be swallowed by Will. Hobbs' hands moved down, delivering Will's ass a hard slap, just as a yelp threatened to escape his throat. It was too soon, considerably sooner than what was anticipated.

As reality suddenly hit Will, there was nothing but fear: he didn't want this. The strong man's grip tightened on Will's wrist as he attempted to flee, preventing him from doing so. He shoved him into the room and slammed the door shut as their bodies fell to the ground. Will could only think, *"Not like this,"* as his shirt was pulled apart. It reminded Will of how things had begun, when he had been pushed to use his body by men who claimed it was the only purpose for him and that he would never amount to anything other than a piece of meat. Hobbs squeezed Will's tender nipples, letting out a sexual sigh as he did so. "I'm going to kill her after this."

"Huh?" Was all Will could utter as he felt Hobbs' palm firmly press on his slacks, hastily unbuttoning and tossing them into the corner. He was now trembling as he saw the taller man squeeze lubrication all over his fingers after removing a little bottle from his pocket. “Stop, hold on, let's talk!" Will made an effort to kick his body away but was unable to stop the icy fingers from piercing his flesh. His mouth released a painful whine.

Stupid. It was the only thing Will could think of as he regretted abandoning the idea of texting Jack beforehand to inform him of what he had done. Hobbs began to pump his fingers in and out of Will as he continued to mutter, seeming unconcerned by the fumbling man's attempt to kick Hobbs' body away from him. Even knowing that nobody came here and that no one would bother to check on them, he had no choice but to scream in order for someone to hear him. Hobbs' actions—taking out his dick, then slamming Will's face in the filthy carpet and jamming his fingers into his open mouth—made Will feel frightened.

As the room fell into complete darkness, Will made the decision that it was his destiny to accept whatever Hobbs was going to give him for Abigail's protection, thinking that perhaps she would learn her father was out late and carry out her escape plan with her mother, running away permanently. It was enough for Will because he knew Hobbs would arrive home to an empty house with no food waiting for him after finishing this with Will. Perhaps it was also a sign that, no matter what, people would always use him as a body.

Will screamed again as Hobbs violently pushed himself inside of him. He was used to it and sought comfort in the fact that everyone fucked him the same way, like a regular whore on the street, but the knowledge that Hobbs' wouldn't give him money at the end made him feel filthy. It took only a few strokes for Hobbs to shout, "Get the fuck out," as the door quickly opened and shut. Then, all of a sudden, Hobbs let out a choked cry as something splattered against Will's back, his body soon falling on his. Will was terrified to move because he thought that if he did, the unidentified person may leave him on the ground and let the dead body decay on top of him.

Soon later, however, a deep, mocking voice said, *"Guess you can't runaway now."* He recognized him, and memories of the alleyway returned to haunt Will like the dreams he

experienced that same night. He tracked him down, rescued him, and now *killed for him.* The thought of the man doing so much to find him made Will's heart beat faster than Hobbs fucking him. Funny enough, he was still in Will's hole.

"Will you honor your word if I take him away from you, my little lamb, or will you just flee?"

If he weren't already full with Hobbs and if the sound of the man's words hadn't so intensely turned him on, annoyance would have taken over his body. Will could recall him as an older-looking man who likely had a few years on top of his head. "I want to know who my stalker is by name, then maybe." He struggles to hold back any words that would get him stuck between the corpse on his back and the filthy motel carpet underneath him. As he used his foot to roll Hobbs off of Will, the man let out a very loud laugh, and laughter could be heard as the wet sound of his hole closing up became obvious.

"Hannibal Lecter," he say.

Will could only describe his reaction to the name as familiarity. Suddenly, Jack's voice could be heard saying, "You're too friendly with Alana; how about I recommend you to a good friend of mine, Dr. Lecter?" He did his research, knowingly becoming Will's stalker—claiming his friends, keeping an eye on him—and now, out of pure kindness, he had just killed someone he had been working with for weeks. Setting Will free. When he finally gathered the strength to stand up, he was horribly embarrassed to find Lecter completely clothed while he was nude below the waist and having a hard-on.

Looking down at Hobbs' lifeless body, Lecter's eyes softened at Will and a faint smirk appeared on his face. He states, settling into the filthy motel bed where Will and Hobbs had previously shared time and occasionally even fallen asleep together, "You sure know how to pick them. Will it be my lucky night because of your hard on?"

"Have you got no shame when there's a body on the floor? But of course my stalker would assume it's his moment to fuck me!" Will spits at him viciously, but he pauses. The elder man stretches out his hand for Will to approach. "You needed me, so here I am. You obviously need my help once more."

Will was feeling a growing pang of guilt. Lecter had done everything for him, and he wouldn't even let him touch his body, which made him feel sick to his stomach. This gave Will the idea to examine the man's outstretched hand, letting it gently descend to his dick and allowing the man to feel the hardness of it. Will let out a real groan as the hand began to touch him, but not even the pleasure could keep him from staring at the dead body.

"I helped you out again, Will," he says, quickening his pace. And now I'm going to need your assistance. He pauses to look at Will and waits for a nod of agreement from him before continuing on.

"Mnngh, Dr Lecter…." Will groans loudly as he braces himself on the man's pricey suit and buckling his hips. "I'll do whatever you want."

"Good."

Fool

Chapter Notes

I will be your fool
I'll perform for you

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will was never forced to discuss what occurred between him and Hobbs by Jack; rather, he only received a slap on his back and assured in a quiet voice that Abigail and her mother were safe. That's what they did. But he wasn't referring to him and Jack; he was talking concerning Hannibal and Will.

But he wasn’t unaware of that.

Had no idea of the circumstances that lay deeply behind Hobbs' disappearance, that it wasn't as easy as Will scaring him off by telling the man that the FBI knows. No, nothing about Will's life was ever easy. Recollections of the way Hannibal's hand caught hold of his dick, pumping it especially quickly as Will's balance shook and his body lunged for Hannibal's shoulder.

"Look at you; you're such a mess, but it doesn't seem like your lover's body on the floor is the cause of it," the man said. Will overhears Hannibal mumbling, and despite his moans, he couldn't help but laugh. "You're such a disgusting whore."

Will acknowledged that it was degrading and made him feel even worse because it was the final push he needed to cum over Dr. Lecter's pricey, designer suit. The older man was gracious enough to allow him to take a shower and assured the terrified, powerless Will that he would begin making preparations for their next move.

When one of them killed whereas the other cleaned up, they operated as a team. Will could only think about it as a job to keep himself from throwing up when he realized that he had killed two men. Dr. Lecter was shoving Hobbs' body into a trash bag when Will left the bathroom and he had to truthfully swallow the remaining meal he had consumed hours earlier. The man's dead eyes were locked on Will's.

“He was not my lover.” Will revealed it with an offended chuckle, as if he had only just realized what the older guy had said nearly an hour earlier. Dr. Lecter only uttered a responding mmm sound; his movements didn't alter or even stutter. The reaction left Will with a sour taste in his mouth because the information he offered was meaningless.

The man merely replies, stretching himself back up, with a serious face twisting into his usual expression, "That's of no importance to me." Although he appears tired, it doesn't look awful on him. His voice asked, "Was he a pig, Will?"

He noticed that Dr. Lecter's tone implied that there was a right or wrong response, and that if he gave the incorrect response, he would be on his own and would have to call Jack. Will opened his mouth, but nothing came out. He instantly closed it after hearing nothing, and then gently shook his head. A little smile could now be seen spreading across the man's face.

“Excellent, so i’ll show you what we do with pigs.”

Dr. Lecter didn't give Will the presentation he had promised. By the time they had cleaned the hotel room, which still appeared dirty but didn't have blood all over it, they had also managed to sneak down the big garbage bag without bumping into anyone or drawing attention to themselves and hastily stuffed it in the back of the car. The two worn-out men sat in the car for a long, taking separate, heavy breaths while they did nothing except sit there.

The man finally spoke, carefully inserting the key into the ignition and letting the engine spit out a noise, "You were the only reason why I befriended Jack. If our relationship developed into knowledge, it would be an odd coincidence.” Will didn't need to respond because he was aware of Dr. Lecter's perspective. E ven if the nightmares keep returning, mocking him for what had been done, what they had done, he knew that this would be another interaction with him that he would have to suppress and lock up inside of his brain.

That is what they were doing, then. When Will walked into Jack's office, he had to conceal the way he held his breath because seeing Dr. Lecter looking at him made him feel uneasy. Jack is aware, that phrase was shouted and flung around in Will’s thoughts, alerting every cell in his body. He reluctantly sat down in front of Jack, he had to refocus his body to stop it from halting in its movements.

Despite being a smart man, Jack wasn't the best at reading the room: jokes that weren't necessary or were delivered at the wrong time, a statement that destroyed a family's final hope, and so on. Will appreciated that about Jack and took comfort in it because it made them seem similar. However, he didn't appreciate it at the time. The man's eyebrows rose as he saw Will's fingers clinging to his slacks, and Dr. Lecter was staring at him in fascination.

“It appears Will has piqued your interest.” Jack addresses them in a loud, deep voice.” At that point, Will noticed another emotion for the first time—fear rather than his usual certainty. Dr. Lecter moved his eyes away to look at Jack, but their laughing quickly took up the room and the sight didn't endure long because the feeling went in an instant. “It's funny because Will rarely makes eye contact. Not with me even.”

It seemed improbable that Jack had any malicious intentions when he said what he did, even if Will had the guts to make up an explanation on the spot. “Will, I called Dr. Lecter in for you.” He swiftly pauses to watch, amused, as Lecter and Will exchange glances before turning to face him. “It's clear that Hobbs’ is no longer alive, and I know you must be feeling a variety of emotions.”

“W-what do you mean no longer alive?"

"Don't worry about what I mean. Will-"

Will was able to raise himself from the chair, but he was at a loss for words when he did so. His eyes began to flood up with tears, which was plenty for him. The only people in the room who knew about Will and their relationship were them. They knew Hobbes was dead but were unaware that his killers were there in front of him. When Jack saw the wounded Will, his eyes softened, but he simply sent Dr. Lecter a pleading glance.

He hoped Jack wouldn't notice his slight body jerk as he knew, his body following Will's movements and shifting to caressing his upper back. Will could recall the sensation his hand caused around his dick. The sensation of Dr. Lecter jerking him off that evening in front of Hobbs' corpse. He looks back at Will's absent gaze, "Perhaps it would be better if we continued this conversation in my study," he says softly. "Only the two of us."

Jack sighs in agreement and moves his chair facing them, but he stays silent and entirely turns his back to them as if he didn't want them to see his face. As he bids them both farewell, Dr. Lecter pulls Will's body closer to his and gives him power over his motions. When they finally left the room, Will's legs felt like jello and wanted to give way under the weight of him. Dr. Lecter hauled him out, and he gave a low chuckle as they went.

He smiles warmly, complimenting Will's obvious strategy, “You proved the old saying right — the fool becomes the fooler." As they eventually make it outdoors, he offers a remark; a whiff of the fresh air allows Will to breathe. “I never really introduced myself, but greetings are always polite.”

“Hannibal Lecter is my name, but I suppose you may call me your psychiatrist going forward.”

Chapter End Notes

Can you tell i wrote this out of my ass?

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